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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Wall Street,

OR

LOVE LOST AND WON.

A Play in Five Acts.

18,475 Ll.

Printed for the Author,
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1880.

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PERSONS.

Hy. Randle.
Chas. Butterbee.
Mr. Sharp.
Mr. Prideall.
Speculators.
Servants.
Miss Anna Prideall.
Mary, afterwards
Mrs. Butterbee.
Miss Helen.
Miss Judith.
Mrs. Raftus.

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ACT I.

Scene I. *Plain Room.*

Charles and Mary.

Charles. Well, Mary in about six months, you will not have have the privilege to teaze or plague me any longer.

Mary. And how is this, Charley?

Chas. Why, in that time, I will have saved money enough to buy me the necessaries for a little household, and then I will come to my little teazing Mary, take her by the hand, go with her to the next squire, and then—

Mary. And what then?

Chas. Why, marry her, and then you see those awfully solemn words will be pronounced.—"Thou shalt be obedient to your husband."— that means you, who is to be obedient, and from that hour, your Charley, whom you now plague so much, is your lord and master.

Mary. Oh, but that is not fair.

Cbas. Yes it is. Before marriage, the ladies are the masters—after marriage, the men are, or, at least, should be.

Mary True, and the wife should be obedient to her husband in everything that is right. Is that not so?

Chas. , Why of course, and I certainly would never demand anything wrong.

Mary. O, then, of course I would obey. But whether it be right or wrong, is to be decided by me, and if it appear to me to be wrong, I of course could not and would not obey. And so, if your commands will suit my wishes, I will gladly obey them; if not, then I will decide they are all wrong, and will not.

Chas. That is a nice obedience, indeed!

Mary. And then, you see, you have taken me for better or for worse. But it is a long time, these six months, and we will not trouble ourselves before hand. Sufficient unto the day, is the evil thereof.

Chas. Ah, but this day may come very soon; you see, I had such a nice dream last night. I dreamt that I was lying asleep, and all at once the door opened and a man came in and he began to throw such piles of greenbacks at me that it hurt my head. I woke up, and had the headache ever since.

Mary. Indeed! why, then, of course that dream will be realized. But what did that man look like?

Chas. I can hardly describe him; but I would not be astonished if something great would not happen soon, and all at once I would become a rich man.

Mary. Ha, ha, ha! I wonder how you would look as a rich man?

Chas. I think, I would cut a decidedly good figure. The fact is, I always think, I was cut out for a rich man, but somehow, or other, I missed it.

Mary. But when do you expect that man with the greenbacks to come? I am anxious to make his acquaintance, and to become good friends with him.

Chas. I have been looking for him all day, but in vain, (*It knocks.*) Halloh, what is that?

Mary. Why Charley, open quick, that may be he.

Scene II.

Charles, Mary, Henry.

Charles. My friend Henry—welcome to you!

Henry. How do you do, Charles, and how is Miss Berry?

Mary. Welcome to you, Mr Randall.

Hen. I have but just arrived from our home village, and I have brought a letter from your sister Clara, Miss Berry, to you, and which I promised to deliver immediately upon my arrival, as she expects to come here on a visit; or perhaps to stay altogether (*gives her the letter*).

Mary. Excuse me, if I read it now. It may contain something important. (*Steps aside to read.*)

Hen. But Charles, I'm a little astonished to find you here.

Chas. There is nothing remarkable about it. We are very good friends and something more.

Hen. Oh, then let me congratulate you.

Chas. But what have you been doing since I saw you last? I heard you were sick.

Hen. Oh, Charles when you left me three years ago, I was in the full enjoyment of earthly blessings. Since then I have experienced much misfortune. My father, prosperous and rich as he was then, I his only child, grown up in affluence and without trouble of any kind, I could not discover any cloud on the horizon of my happiness. And yet treacherous friends have robbed me of all they could take. My father, in his kindness, assisted others, he endorsed notes, became security, and in a short time, he found his poor friends rich, and himself poor and in need of assistance; so poor, that in fact, it took the last cent of his property. It grieved him so that he was thrown upon a bed of sickness, from which he recovered only a short time ago, poor but honest. I assisted him all I could

and thanks to his untiring energy, he has again established a little business in another town, to commence life anew, as he would no longer remain in the place where he could daily see the friends who betrayed him.

Chas. I am sorry for your good father. But what brings you to this big city?

Hen. You know, Charles, that in those former days I became acquainted and engaged to Miss Anna Prideall, who was then at our village, visiting the Academy. She returned to her father's home, in this city, about two years ago, but we continued to correspond for a long time afterwards. But for several months I have received no answers to my letters, so I finally resolved to come here myself and discover the cause, especially, as the small business in which my father has again engaged is insufficient for both of us. I intended also to see whether I could find an opportunity here, for me, to be employed in some position adapted to my capacity.

Chas. And have you no suspicion why you received no answer to your letters, from Miss Prideall?

Hen. I have understood that her father has become very rich, and he may have heard of my father's misfortune, and may, for that reason, be averse to the alliance of his daughter to a poor man, and so have prohibited any correspondence.

Chas. But may not she, herself have changed her mind? She has not seen you for a long time and the change in your circumstances may also have had its effect upon her.

Mary. (*Who, after reading the letter stepped up again.*) Oh Charles, how can you suppose that?

Hen. Thanks to you, Miss Berry, for you good opinion of my dear Anna. No, Charles, I know her, and therefore know that her very nature is incapable of such a change for such a cause.

Chas. But experience teaches, that young ladies (*present company of course, always excepted*) do sometimes change, especially——

Hen. Do not offend me, Charles. Do not measure her with the ordinary measure. Do not compare her to the thousand and one sentimental young women of our age, who see a fine moustache, or a diamond breast pin, and imagine themselves in love with the wearer, and continue to believe it until either a still finer moustache appears, or until they have the misfortune to call the moustache their own, when they as suddenly become aware of their mistake. No, believe me, I know Anna too well, she is a true woman, and she is therefore, true to her love as all true women are, so long as the man himself is worthy of her love.

Chas. Well I hope you are correct.

Mary. Oh, I know it. How could it be otherwise?

Hen. Your words, Miss Berry, prove to me what a treasure my friend Charles has found in you.

Chas. Oh, my Mary is the best, and she cannot but think, but that all are like her. But Henry, I am afraid, that even if she has remained true, that her father will have serious objections: for what you have heard is true, that by his shrewd speculation in Wall street, he has increased his fortune immensely and is now one of the richest men in the city.

Hen. I was not aware of it, and on my account, I am sorry for it, for the world may think I am actuated by mercenary motives.

Chas. What do you care for the world? It has cared nothing for you; if she only have remained true.

Hen. Never doubt it. But I am impatient to see her. I will therefore depart.

Chas. Wait one moment. I have heard by accident, that there will be a party at her house to-night. Perhaps

you had better wait therefore until to-morrow,

Hen. No, I am too impatient to see her. I will endeavor to be admitted, and she will no doubt be glad to see me.

Excuse my impatience, Miss Berry.

Charles, I hope to see you soon again. Adieu for the present; I must hasten to get off the dust of traveling and prepare to meet her.

Chas. and Mary. Good day, then—

(*Henry Goes off.*)

Mary. Now, Charles, is this the person whom you saw in your dream, throwing all those greenbacks at you?

Chas. No, I believe not, at any rate, he has not many to throw just now. But be that as it may, he is the noblest and best man I ever met. And I will even forgive him, that by his uncalled for interruption, he has spoiled my *tete a tete* with my little Mary, and has deprived me of the further pleasure of her company; for the time has fled so quick, that I must go.

Mary. Well, Charles, if you must, you must. But do not dream any more such dreams of greenbacks, when you realize nothing by them, except a headache,.

Chas. No, in future I will only dream at night, as in day time I only think—of you. (*off*)

(*Scene changes.*)

SCENE III.—*Parlor in Mr. Pridcall's house.*

MISS ANNA, MISS JUDITH, *and other ladies and gents, later* MR. SHARP.

Miss Judith. O dear, I would like to know where Mr. Sharp stays, he is so late, and I am so anxious to hear the latest scandal.

Anna. And so you love scandal?

Judith. Oh, who does not? It is so consoling to hear of the wickedness and misbehavior of other folks.

But here comes Helen.

My dear, how do you do, and why so late?

Helen. Oh I have been detained, by writing a valedictory letter.

Anna. A valedictory letter! and who may that unhappy gentleman be?

Judith. Do tell us all about it.

Helen. You are all mistaken. It is not a gentleman; it is a young lady of your acquaintance. It is Clara Morris. Just imagine, she has lost so much respect for herself, and for the society she has moved in, as to fall in love with her farther's former clerk. Yesterday she engaged herself to him, and in a short while she is to be married.

Judith. Impossible! you must be mistaken. But here comes Mr. Sharp, he, no doubt, has the latest information.

Mr. Sharp, what is the truth about this rumour of Miss Morris.

Sharp. It is all true. I took particular pains to enquire about it—Poor Miss Morris, I pity her.

Anna. But why pity her? She may love him and find her happiness in this love.

Sharp. How, Miss Anna, do you defend her conduct? Would you ever be capable of stooping out of the high sphere of society you are moving in, to marry a—

Anna. Mr. Sharp, I am not Miss Morris. I am not one of those sentimental creatures, who, believes in sub-ordinating her whole existence to the throbbing of this little organ called the heart. I do not believe that that feeling designated as love, should over-power my reason and all other faculties of my mind, and should be permitted to take such possession of me, that I would be willing to offer everything else as a sacrifice to it. I believe in my heart being ruled by me, but not to rule me. Should I ever suspect a feeling, which would militate against my reason, or which would threaten to become too

violent, I would tear it out of my bosom, were the wound ever so painful, or incurable.

Sharp. Miss Anna, you have delighted me by the expressions of these sentiments so much in accord with my own. Love without being tempered by reason is weakness of character, absence of spirit; it is an attack of a sickness, or a fever to which a weak constitution will succumb, but which can have no effect upon a sound mind, and which must soon yield to the medicine which better judgment prescribes. It is an absurdity to palliate or offer as an excuse for the acts of any person that it was done for love, for that argues such person to be weak minded.

How Miss Morris could ever descend from her proud position in society to her present level, I can only explain on that hypothesis, but how her lover could ever be so presumptuous, I can only explain on the theory of self interest and self-love. I would never dare to offer my hand to any one I had the slightest regard for, if I could not place her in a rank equal, at least to that, which she had heretofore occupied. "Only the brave deserve the fair," but in this country where bravery has been reduced to a practical and peacable standpoint, it should read, "only the rich deserve the fair."

Love which seeks not to elevate its object to a higher standard, but on the contrary, to detract it from its pedestal is nothing but self-love and egotism, and any man who will be sufficiently audacious, to ask the hand of any lady who is above him in rank, position and wealth is only actuated by mercenary motives, for he asks her to sacrifice these earthly blessings for him, and instead of giving all sacrifices to her whom he pretends to love, he asks her to sacrifice herself to him. Such love I call self-love, egotism and nothing else.

Anna. Mr. Sharp, you excel yourselves this evening.

Sharp. I am happy if I meet with your approbation,

and would ask as a reward, the honor of the first dance: as I hear the music beginning.

Anna. It is granted with pleasure.

Sharp. You make me the happiest of all mortals.

(*Dance*).

(*After dance, Mr. Sharp takes Miss Anna to a seat*).

SCENE IV.

HENRY RANDALL, SHARP *and* MISS ANNA.

Henry. Oh, Miss Prideall, will you permit me to intrude?

Anna. Why Henry—I mean Mr. Randall—I am surprised to meet you, but permit me, Mr. Sharp, to introduce you to a friend of my youth, of my *former* days. Mr. Randall, Mr. Sharp, a friend of my *present* days.

(*Introducing them.*)

Hen. Mr. Sharp, you will pardon my impertinence, in disturbing your conversation, but my impatience to see my friend was too great for human endurance.

Sharp. And, Mr. Randall, believe me in saying, that it is a great consolation for me, to be able to give Miss Anna a few moments of unalloyed pleasure, in recalling the reminisences of her youth, in company with her friend and therefore both of you, I hope will excuse me, if I leave you.

(*Bows and goes away.*)

Henry. Oh, Anna, at last I see you again.

Anna. But Henry, what a surprise to me, and how was it possible for you to gain entrance?

Henry. Your old servant, who remembered me well, admitted me without further ceremony.

Anna. (*Aside*, There is no use in keeping these reminisences of former years around you. I will discharge him instantly).

But what is the cause of this sudden appearance? Why

did you not prepare me for this visit?

Henry. Oh, Anna, after the trouble of my father, and which of course, naturally affected me also, and about which I had written all to you, was disposed of, I could no longer remain in that little town, where I had experienced so much ingratitude, and saw so much of the vileness of human nature. I formed the intention of departing thence and what other place could have so much attraction for me, than that city where I knew my own beloved Anna to dwell, I had received no answer to my letters and imagination conjured up all possible evils which might have befallen you, my beloved. But now I see you again, well and more radiant in health and beauty than ever. I am again united to you, and I feel that my troubles and unhappiness have terminated, for your presence restores to me, all that I ever lost.

Anna. But Henry, when you received no answer to your letters, have you never doubted me? Did you ever suspect that the changed circumstances with you, as well as with me, may have also effected a change with me and with my sentiments?

Hen. Never, Anna, never for one moment. Not a day passed, not a night, but I saw you, and as the lost traveler on the sea implicitly relies on his compass to point out to him the safe harbour, so my love to you, guided me through all my torubles and my confidence and my hope, that you yourselves would reward me, always inspired me with renewed energy and vigour, whenever sorrows threatened to overwhelm me. But this experience has confirmed me in the opinion, which you and I have so often expressed to each other, that there is no happiness, but in the union of two loving hearts; that all other is a mere shadow, and that all ties, however strong, will break under the weight of adversity, but that the ties of confiding, disinterested, true love, are proof against all strain of adver-

sity and misfortune, and that they cannot be severed, except by death,

Anna. You still believe this?

Hen. I do, and have believed it ever since I knew you. No happiness without love. I thought once I was happy, because I was in the full enjoyment of all earthly blessings, but what a shadow of happiness was this. I learned to know you and to love you. And how vain, how empty was all my former existence. And when, subsequently those dark days over-took me, still what little real unhappiness they could bring me. Riches would fly, friends forsake me, but they could not rob me of my love, and I was then happy, yes far happier in the consciousness of my love, than all those who imagined they had destroyed every vestige of my happiness.

Anna. You are still as romantic as ever, and of course you still believe in love making happy, happy even with poverty?

Hen. I do, and more firmly than ever. I have lost all I posessed but you, but with you, poverty will have no terrors for me, as without you riches would have no attractions.

Anna. But Henry, do not forget that two years have elapsed since last we met, that I have since then been reared in luxury and have been accustomed to its surroundings and that perhaps I may miss and regret its absence.

Hen. No, Anna, you will not. I know you better. Your love will compensate for all that, and my love and my devotion will permit no thought of its absence ever to arise in your mind.

Anna. And still, Henry, you are mistaken.

Hen. Mistaken, Anna, what mean you?

Anna. Henry, let me now say a few words. I have too high a respect for your intelligence to believe that I could deceive you, too high a respect for your character and mine, to be willing to do so. Since last we met, circumstances with you as with me, have changed and left their impressions upon us. I am no longer that romantic young lady, who

roaming through the forest, or gliding over the silvery surface of the lake, would imagine that this world was made for two loving hearts, and would view every scene through a glass colored by her love, and listen to nothing but what my loving heart would whisper. Those were school-days, when I was a pupil at the academy, when you learned to know and to love me, and when I reciprocated that love with all the enthusiasm of a young heart. I was sincere then, as sincere I will be now. But these days have past. I have been taken away from those scenes, removed to this great city, introduced in society, and learned to look at, and to know life from a different stand-point. Do you see this scene before you! Look around at the luxury so apparent here. See those many elegant young men, rich, good-looking, well educated, posessed of every attraction that could be desired and yet there is not one who would not willingly lay down his heart and riches to me, and offer me his hand in marriage, with which I could walk through life, the envied of many, but to be pitied by none. And do you see those many young ladies, many of them beautiful, rich, accomplished, worthy the admiration of any man? And yet, there is not one among them who does not fear or envy me, who is not jealous of my power over the hearts of her admirers. Did you ever feel the magic voluptuousness of power? To be the absolute monarch of the fate of others! To rule, but not by force, but by the gift of beauty and your will. To be feared, to be envied, yea, to be hated, and yet to rule all, all, friends or enemies.

Hen. And this is you!

Anna. This is my position. I am the ruling belle of this city. See, Henry, this is life, this is pleasure, this is happiness. Oh, what a contrast there is between this and my school-day ideas, when a smile, a word, a walk, a look, would be the heighth of my ambition. Henry, I have learned much since we parted, and I have changed accordingly.

Hen. And your heart, your love?

Anna. My love, my heart—I cherish them, as I cherish

the dreams of my youth. Beautiful in their days, but the days are past. And now ruling here as a queen, you approach me with the reminisences of my school days and bring to my mind that a young girl did once love you and became your affianced. And you ask me to step down from my throne, abandon all present friends, forsake the splendor and luxury with which I am surrounded and to forsake riches, fortune, associations and power for your sake, so that I may become your wife in the humble cottage of a pauper and to be compelled to look up to those as my superiors, who are now my inferiors or equals, to envy those who now envy me? Henry, can you, do you ask this sacrifice.

Hen. If it be a sacrifice, then no, nay, even if the abandonment of this splendor would cause you even one single tear or a single breath of regret, then, *no*, or if part only, the smallest fraction of what you have said even now, represented your true meaning, then, Anna, we would have to part. But it cannot, cannot be. That Anna whom I so fondly loved, whose image I have stowed in my heart, and which has been the guiding star of my life, cannot have changed into a cold hearted belle of society, treading under foot the best and holiest feeling implanted in the human heart, that of true, pure, self-sacrificing love. But Anna, do not trifle with me, see, I have nothing left but this, my hope and my love. I am a man and have manfully born all storms and shipwrecks, but I have never been deprived of my confidence and faith in you, and I do not know what would become of me, if this also should fail me.

Anna. Henry, we are children no more. What I have said, I meant, and would have been compelled to advise you of it some other time. Why not now? why permit you to deceive yourselves with dreams that will never become true, or hopes which can never be realised? I feel that I was not born to seek and find my happiness within the narrow circle of family life, to perform household duties for a husband or to be happy in the smile of an infant. My nature is above this, it

requires the admiration of many, it demands to rule my proper atmosphere in the one in which you see me now. Yours is different, our tastes, our views are the same no longer.

Hen. Enough, Anna, I understand you, this glittering has enthralled you, and the voice of your true and better nature is heard no longer. But the time may and will come, when you see the hollowness of all that you now admire, and you will awaken from your blissful dream and the artificial summer of your fascination with its flowers, its butterflies and sunshine, will be followed by the winter of stern realities, cold, icy cold, as you believe yourselves now to be. You imagine you can despise love, but you are in error, it is stronger than you, it is part of human life to love, and without love, life itself, has but little value. In vain, will you seek happiness in power or in splendor—for happiness is not to be found there—it only lives in one's heart and at one's home and hearth—in the smile and confidence of a beloved wife or husband and in the innocent prattle and laugh of your children—all else is vanity, vain, hollow, cold vanity—

Anna. Your oratory, Mr. Randle, is very eloquent, but falls upon a very unappreciative audience.

Hen. Pardon me, I forgot that I was addressing the belle of society, I imagined for a moment that I was speaking to my own, dear Anna. But I perceive that your present friends and admirers look with some astonishment at our prolonged interview, and I think, as we are simply acquaintances of former years, and will be strangers in future,—

Anna. True, very true, it is time to terminate this interview and so, to avoid all attention, and as the music is about to begin to play, you may lead me to the dance, after which, Mr. Randle—

Hen. Then, Miss Prideall!

Both. Good Bye forever!

(*Dance. Curtain falls.*)

ACT II.

Scene I.

Henry, alone.

Hen. I had become angry at, and despised my former friends for forsaking me in adversity, and I had only trusted in love. And now, where is the anchor to which I shall trust my faith in humanity, when love itself has also proven not to be able to resist the slight storm of adversity and ill fortune? What right did I have to rely on friends? They were simply companions of mine, thrown, by accident, together with me in the course of my life, independent of me as I was of them. But she, who had pledged me her entire self, she also knows me no more. Friendship, Love, what is the meaning of these words? Nothing, if not the love of one's self. Self-love. Egotism. She loved me, when she had but me to admire her, but me to rule; she forsakes me when she has many. Oh, it is a greater pleasure, a higher ambition to be the ruler of many, than to be all to one. Oh! Her reasoning is correct, her position is unassailable, her good sense so strong, that no room is left for her love. And yet, is human heart in woman, such a play thing, that it pleases her as long as she feels like playing with it, but of which she soon grows tired, and which she then discards or throws away, with no more regret than at the loss of her doll? Is everything what I heard of woman's noble nature, of her entire existence being wrapped up in love, of her self-sacrificing, devotional nature, which never shines more bright than in adversity, simply an idle tale, invented by the fertile brain of the poet?

Oh, that I had power to test it, that I had the means to probe your soul, to see whether you, Anna, are that being which you believe and represent yourselves to be. But it is not, it cannot be so. She is intoxicated with the splendor of her

surroundings, she is dreaming a dream from which she is bound to awake. Oh! could I assist her, that I could show her the shallowness of her happiness, the insincerity of her so-called friends and save her from falling into this glittering abyss, which by dazzling splendour, seeks to conceal the hollow, empty unhappiness which awaits its victims!

Scene 11.

Henry and Charles.

Chas. Why, who is this talking to himself, as if he could find no better company? Why, Henry, Henry! Is this you? How, in the name of common sense, do I find you here? I thought you were at the party at Prideall's.

Hen. I was, and now I am here. Your prophecy has proven true, as all prophecies of evil generally do. The man, who thinks worst of human mankind, is the one who is always right. And now, please leave me alone.

Chas. No, indeed. I will not leave you alone. Come, forget what you cannot change, drown your sorrows in a glass of wine.

Hen. No, I will not drown my sorrows and I will not forget, but I will change it. I will draw the veil, that veil of gold and of splendor away from her present friends and surroundings, and I will lay bare to her the sickening corpse of egotism and of heartlessness.

See, Charles, she is enthralled. Every one admires her, every one flatters her, every one seems to love her. And she believes all, and thinks she is happy. But I know her better than she does herself. And her heart is good and pure.

Chas. And yet, she has—

Hen. Yes, she has renounced me, she has virtually shown me the door. Our ties have been dissolved; we are strangers, But I feel that I love her still, and what is more, that she is worthy of my love. But the witchcraft of money has poisoned her and she may be lost, and her noble nature may

finally succumb. Oh, that I had money, that I had the power that money gives, that I could save her, or that I might have my revenge.

Chas. Money, and what good would that do you, if she loves you no longer?

Hen. But she does love. And if I was possessed of the means, and could meet her in the society she moves in I would soon find means to test her heart, to speak words to her, not of flattery and admiration, but words that would bring to her conscience, the fact, that though she may be the ruling belle who plays with hearts and all noble emotions of the human soul, yet that there is a nobler, a brighter sphere for a true woman, than to be a heartless coquette, and that not all men are playthings in the hands of even the ruling belle. I would succeed in awakning the better feelings of her soul, and save her from that abyss of heartlessness and coquettishness into which she has fallen; or if I was too late in that, I would have my revenge in simulating and pretending to be one of her many victims, and discard her as she has discarded me. But, oh, where do I find the means?

Chas. Well, I am sure I cannot tell you, for if I knew where to find money, I would have found it long ago. But hold, I have an idea, and that is such a strange thing with me that I am certain it must be a good one. This evening, in order to make an extra dollar or two, I am to wait on a company of a few gentlemen. All of them very rich, and all of them of that kind called Speculators in Wall Street. It is a private meeting, and when wine or champagne has flown a little, they generally relate a great many stories of how fortunes have been made. I do not understand half what they say but with you it may be different, and you may profit something by their experience.

Hen. But is this a private meeting?

Chas. Not private, any more than that they are among themselves, in a seperate room, and no one is permitted to interrupt them, except the waiter.

Hen. But how could I gain admittance there?

Chas. Why, you will have to go as my assistant waiter!

Hen. I?

Chas. Why yes; or, are you too proud?

Hen. You are right, Charles. I have no occasion to be proud. Everything I had is lost, and it is only false pride not to accept your offer. I am at your service.

Chas. Then let us hurry to put us into a suitable waiter's suit for it is about time.

Scene. III.

Henry and Charles, *as Waiters.*

Mr. Pridcall and others at a table.

A. I wonder where Sharp stays. It is not usual with him not to be punctual.

B. I really am astonished at his prolonged absence, he is the head and foot of our enterprise.

C. He is a capital man and is bound to be a man of capital. All brains and no heart, the very embodiment of speculative genius.

D. I believe he is detained by his charmer. Old man, you can congratulate yourselves on such a son-in-law.

Pridcall. What do you mean? I know nothing about a son-in-law.

D. Do not simulate; no secrets here; it is well known that he is after your daughter, and if there is to be a match, you will be a lucky dog.

A. Yes, indeed, but I expect he wants a good round sum of money along, for he is not a man whom beauty alone can capture. Beauty without money is rather a forlorn kind of deserted looking being, which money without beauty gets along very well.

Prideall. Stop talking about things which do not concern you, and which are still in the future. Let us consider our business.

A. Oh, here comes Sharp.

Scene iv.

The Last and Sharp.

Shp. Halloo, here I find all of you. Pardon me, gentlemen, pardon, that I have detained you so long. But it is all old Prideall's fault. What the deuce has he such a handsome daughter for? Here, Waiter, another bottle of champagne for me. I tell you, old man, she is charming. And this evening, I could hardly separate myself from her. She was enchanting. She described to me how an old lover of her, a green country-man, who fell in love with her when she was in the academy in the country, had returned and intended to renew his old attachment, and take her out to his cottage to attend to his milk and butter. Ha, ha, the way she described that scene, and the manner in which she bowed him out doors was sublime. Old man you are not worth such a daughter. I tell you she must be mine, and if you were not so infernally avaricious, we might arrange matters right away.

(*Henry lets waiter with bottle fall*)

(*to the waiter.*) Simpleton, what is the matter with you?

Chas., Excuse him, he is a new hand.

Shp. Too stupid to be a waiter.

Chas. I will discharge him. He is not fit, and was never cut out, to wait on *such* gentlemen like you.

Prideall. Well, never mind that now. We will see at some other time, whether we can agree. Perhaps, if our speculation turns out well.

Shp. How can that be otherwise. I tell you, I worked like a beaver. I have just returned this morning. I have been everywhere and have seen everybody. Everything is

arranged. Our plan is bound to succeed, our strategy is sublime and to-morrow we may begin, provided you are all ready to fulfill your promises and keep mum, for secrecy is absolutely necessary to success.

A. We are ready, but let us know the particulars.

Shp. I will for your own protection, so that you may not be misled if you see some strange events transpiring in the stock-market. But to know all, you cannot expect, for it is war that we are beginning, and as in war, only the commanding officer knows fully all the details of his plan. You have selected me, and I must have your implicit confidence.

Listen then. You all know the National Rail Road, with its immense capital and immense number of stock-holders dispersed through this entire country, and its comparatively small amount of debt. That, gentlemen is our point of attack. We will bear the stocks, and if it be down sufficiently we will purchase, bull it up and get control of it and thus not only realise a magnificent profit, but lay the basis for future operations.

B. The National Rail Road! But how is it possible to attack that, where so many are interested in its welfare.

Shp. Just for that reason, the task is so much easier. It is one of these wonderful inventions, and grand institutions, called Corporations, where a thousand, or, as in this instance 10,000 persons subscribe stock and become part owners. No one's part amounts to much, the total is immense, and this is all left to the control of 5 or 10 persons called Directors, who are magnates in power and wealth. Is it strange that they, who have become accustomed to such power and wealth, should attempt to maintain it, that they who handled it as if it were their own, would become accustomed to consider it as their own, and finally not only consider it, but to make it their own? And is it strange that when a plan is shown to them to perpetuate and increase their power and wealth they should not

at once grasp at it? Gents, some of the Directors of that Rail Road are our confederates and our allies, interested with us, aiding and assisting, so that we are certain to succeed.

C. But still, I do not see how the stock is to be brought down. It is well known to be a prosperous road, and declaring good dividends. On what calculation do you base your plan?

Shp. The calculation is based upon that prominent feature of human nature, to believe rather the evil than the good upon the suspicious minds of the multitude, aided by two grand additional powers whom we will enlist into our service the Press and Wall Street.

The Press, which theoretically is called the palladium of liberty and to which the unsophisticated look up to for advice and counsel, in the belief that it is conducted by those grand, self-sacrificing patriots, and philosophers, who study the welfare of the people, and attempt to ameliorate the condition of suffering humanity, who attack vice wherever they see it, and unravel the fine spun webs of conspirators and hold them up to public condemnation, who assist modest virtue and talents to rise and be appreciated and esteemed, and whose columns are always open to the persecuted, and are the asylum, as well as the weapon of the innocent. The Press, for which thousands of the noblest youths have sacrificed themselves, and for which, to defend its libery and independence, thousands more stand ready to enlist.

This press, this mighty engine for good, so salutary and absolutely indispensable to a free people, is still mightier when its liberty is perverted into libertinism, when it becomes the instrument of the demagogues, and instead of being the monitor and teacher, it becomes a mere business establishment, with the sole object of being a money-making institution, Then it will turn its brains and its moral feelings into an article of merchandise, its influence on the public will be peddled around in the market, its columns will be at the disposal of the highest bidder, it will strike a bargain for the

opportunity to deceive the public and sell the privilege to plunder it. For cash, it will denounce the most patriotic as a traitor, and praise to the skies the most treacherous villain, it will ridicule the great and wise, and will admire and applaud the platitudes of the most arrant fool, it will commend the most bare-faced fraud, and cry down the most benevolent and disinterested enterprise, with a sanctimonious air will it publish the moral sermon of a prominent preacher, in one column, while in the other, it will flame with the most immoral advertisement, it will denounce vice editorially, but in the same issue will it furnish a guide to the most infamous dens of infamy, it will slander and libel, it will carry suspicion and unhappiness into business circles and even into the sacred family household and destroy ties which only death should sever.

And all this for cash. Because it speaks to thousands, because it is the adviser and the guide of the public which trusts and believes in it, it is important to have it on our side and to control it. Gents, it is ours. The palladium of our liberty will be at our service to fleece the unwary and to enrich the shrewd. The arrangements have been made, the writers engaged, the columns are at our disposal and the business arrangements completed. Thanks that there is a free and a venal press, it is the grandest auxiliary which the speculator possesses, second in importance not even to Wall Street,

Ah! Wall Street, this monetary centre, this market for every thing, real or imaginary, tangible or phantastical, where property is but a plaything, and value a ball which is tossed about at the whim of the speculator, where there is no heart which throbs with feeling, or a soul which glows with noble passion, but only a cool, calculating brain, which watches and measures and weighs and counts and reckons and thinks and spins the webs in which the unwary flies, dallying in the bright sunshine of prosperity, are caught, to yield their blood to the vigilant spider or cruel vampire.

In his dark closet sits the cool speculator, but there is no cloud on the financial horizon, nor a complication in the business world, which he does not perceive; there is nothing which is not a factor in his enterprise, or which does not give food to his crafty calculation, whether it be love or hate, virtue or vice, whether it be the corruption of the statesman who sells his country, or betrays his constituents, or the patriotism of a subjugated people, which rises in arms against its oppressive tyrants, whether it be war, or pestilence, peace or prosperity, each the speculative genius sees and perceives, with no other sentiment than that of extracting from it, its influence upon the rise and fall of stock. In his conception, each deed, whether it be the most noble or depraved, has no other significance but that of an element likely to affect his bonds.

He measures the products of the harvest and calculates how many ship-loads he must purchase in order to be able to form a corner, or to generate starvation, so that out of the suffering of the poor he may coin money to enrich himself, or he strides over the battle-field and counts the dead bodies with no other sensation but that this slaughter will increase the value of his investments. Or, he weaves a web from nothing, things without value suddenly become the ruling article in market, stocks which yesterday were offered by the thousand at nothing suddenly rise to great value and are in vain sought for. There is no cause for this, but it is simply the work of the speculator who thus by his genius knows how to drain profit even from nothing.

Oh, Wall Street, with its speculative men of genius, where an eternal war is raging for the possession of money, and where, as in war, everything is fair. The speculator knows no friends, no allies, no promises, no honor, he recognises no ties but those of self-interest. Friendship is an unknown sentiment to him, and mercy or generosity to his enemies is unheard of. Woe to the vanquished, wealth to the victor, the end justifies the means.

Gents, our web has been woven, our battle array is formed our self-interest will keep us together. Each one has contributed his share, and expects to realise large profit from the investment. Let us not weaken and show mercy till every cent has been squeezed out, which our victims can yield.

Gents, to-morrow you will hear some rumors about that Rail Road, They will circulate, and no one knows whence they come, or what they are. They are vague, they cannot be described, but they are there. And the next day the press, the newspapers, will begin to circulate them. Some of our employees will send communications to confirm them, or to make anxious inquiries, some others, paid by us, will contradict them, but in a manner which, in denying, affirms more than it denies. Stock-holders become anxious, two or three of our friends offer their stock in Wall Street at a low price, it is purchased by others of our allies, the price is telegraphed over the entire country. Hints are thrown out that a strong combination exists, inimical to the present management, and to break the road. Next day, our allies who purchased the stock, are anxious to sell at a lower figure, and they are again, but with reluctance taken up by those of our friends who sold, no one knows, of course, that both sellers and purchasers are the same combination. Stock-holders become more anxious. They make inquiries of the Directors, of the Secretary. They will receive mysterious explanations, hopes for the best, shrugging of the shoulders, they will call on the Secretary for a statement, an abstract from the books. He unwillingly furnishes it to some, under the injunction of secrecy, the newspapers begin to be more bold, our paid writers call themselves Stock-holders, Friends of Fair Play, and all such, are vigorous and become daily more audacious in their attacks.

The Telegraph spreads the news and the quotations every day throughout the entire country. Many offers for sale, few purchasers at lower and lower figures. Then some Directors will secretly offer their stock, but it leaks out, we all rush in,

and offer large amounts, taking care to have our agents buy them in again, A panic comes in that stock. Everybody wants to save what he can, the sign is given, and our agents purchase all the stocks at a ridiculous low figure. In addition, we had made contracts to deliver stock at the original high price at a certain time; and we deliver them, or rather take the difference between that and the depreciated value. Then we make contracts to deliver us a large amount at such depreciated price.

And now the time has come for matters to take a different turn. Instead of bears, we turn bulls. The report of the Secretary is contradicted, a true report is made, a conspiracy is charged, the Secretary is dismissed, a Dividend is declared, favorable reports, heretofore with held, are published, the Directors cause an investigation to be made. Everything is lovely, the writers in the press, hitherto the most savage, become gradually convinced that they were in error and misled, and confess the error of their ways, or become silent, all the stock offered is rapidly taken, our friends sell with the left and buy with the right hand, at increasing prices. Confidence is restored and prices assume their former standard, and we are the owners of a large majority of stocks, and controlling the road, all acquired at a ridiculous low price, besides having realized large profits on our puts and calls.

A. But can you rely on the Directors and Secretary?

Shp. The directors are our allies and part of the combination or ring. And the Secretary can be relied on, for he is a man of family. When I first approached him, he indignantly refused to participate, and repulsed, with horror, the idea of furnishing a false statement. But when I threatened with an immediate and dishonorable discharge and reminded him of our influence and that we controlled the press and public opinion; that we would disgrace him and render it impossible to obtain other employmemt, and when he thought of his loving wife and his little darling children, now living in comfort, but

whom he would surren 'er to poverty or starvation, he had to yield and he yielded. I promised him, after our coup d'etat, or stroke of policy, which necessitated his first furnishing a false statement and afterwards his dismissal for thus doing what we ordered him to do, another position, but, of course, this promise will not be kept, for he is a man who has scruples, and for such we have no use.

A. And the other stock-holders have lost their property while we have gained it.

Shp. They have parted with their stocks of their own free will, no one compelled them to sell.

A. But they were induced to sell by misrepresentations and false statements, artfully contrived, intending to deceive. That is hardly honest.

Shp. Honest, Honesty, my young and inexperienced friend. Honesty, a word used by every one and by every one in a different sense. In old-fashioned times it had a certain definition; it meant: "Be just to every one. Do thou unto the other as thou wouldst be done by by him."

In our time it means success.

Young man, if you desire to become a speculator in Wall Street, a prince of stocks, a wealthy nabob, controlling stocks, bonds, rail-roads, banks, insurance companies and all other corporations, then discard and renounce those ancient prin-- ciples, instilled into your youthful mind by your mother teaching you from the Bible. You were taught that we were all children of one father, all brothers and sisters to each other, that you should love your neighbor as yourselves, and do good to those who hate you, and such like heresies. Our age has seen the error of such teachings. We are Darwinians, we are all animals of prey, we live on each other, the stronger destroys the weaker, and the weaker the one still weaker. Your property shall be mine if I can take it. But strength is no longer the mere muscular power. This was good enough for uncivilized countries, where the strongest became king; now, in order to become king, a money king, you need other

qualities. You must get rid of all that may encumber your strife for money, no weakness must attach to you, no heart must restrain you, no feelings hinder you, no sentimentalism about honesty, justice, honor, obstruct your course. You must have only one god and that is yourselves, only one friend and one love, and that is money.

If you will not subscribe to this faith, then depart from Wall Street, give up speculations, never attemp to be a stock broker, for only such may expect success.

Turn your attention to the tilling of the soil, be satisfied in the good-will of your neighbors, be happy in the bosom of your family, follow the teachings of your mother, but of such stuff the millionaires of Wall Street are not made.

But if you want money, and with it all its luxuries and allurements, then remain.

A. Money I want. I remain.

Shp. It is the only thing worth striving for. Money is power, money is virtue, money is brain, money is everything. Be successful, no matter how. Success, succeeds! No one cares how, every one cares whether you become rich.

Gentlemen, if any one wishes to recede, it is still time; let him say so now, but if you desire to accumulate wealth and care not how, remain.

(*All remain.*)

Gents, to-morrow the battle commences. Be prepared. Stand together, for in union there is strength. Every evening we will gather here to compare notes and receive instructions. Bvt now let us depart and meet to-morrow, ready for the affray.

(*All off, except Charles and Henry.*)

Scene V.

Henry and Charles.

Chas. They are gone. Now, Henry, what do you think?

Hen. I have heard them, and a new light has dawned on me. Those men are not men, they are what they have said, they are animals of prey, and as animals of prey they should be treated. Do not complain, if the weapons with which you fight should be turned against you, do not complain if your friends, and your allies forsake you, for they have no tie, except that of self interest. I know your plans, and knowledge is power. Charles, it is a great task, it is a holy task to destroy them, to meet them on the battle-ground and to vanquish. And you, Anna, to fall into such hands. Oh, I would be a worthy associate of them, were I to hesitate for a minute to task every nerve and every fibre of my brain to demolish them. Anna, I will save you by destroying them. Let the battle commence. I know your designs, and I will conquer.

(*Curtain falls.*)

ACT III.

Scene I.

Charles, alone.

Chas. Well, I always thought I was cut out for a rich man, and now this proves it. I am admirably adapted to it, and really it is not very hard. All that you need to be rich is plenty of money, and that I am supplied with, thanks to that wonderful ingenious speculation of mine, which I do not understand in the least, and I can carry and behave myself as a rich gentleman, as if I had been born to it, and people begin to see and know it too. I am no longer Mr. Butterbee, plain Butterbee, or Charley, damned blockhead, or sweet names like that. No, sir! I am known now only and designated as the distinguished Mr. Butterbee, our worthy citizen, in whom the city feels a pride, or the Honorable Mr. Butterbee, and so forth. The newspapers watch my coming and my going. The men bow, the ladies smile and the children point at me and even my former friend, the bootblack, has forgotten to swear at me, and everybody has discovered wonderful traits and qualities in me, ever since I and Henry made that wonderful speculation, of which I know nothing and understand still less. Some say that I am a genius, others that I am a great financier, still others that I am a statesman, but all want money, Letters, I receive by the hundred, invitations by the thousands. And yet, there is still a piece of the old Charlie in me. I cannot forget my little sweet Mary. I have not seen her for some time, because I wished to surprise her, and I have not told her yet for whom I have bought and furnished this house. And yet, for whom should it be, except for her? But now everything is about done and I will invite her here. I will show her all and then she will have no excuse. She always said, when I spoke of marrying: Wait, Charlie, till we have saved some money, but

now, she cannot say this any more, and, I will insist on making her my dear little wife, and become the head of a family Yes, I will.

(*Enter Letter Carrier, who hands him some letters.*)

Oh, what a pile of letters. I wonder whether people expect I should read them all? Of course, they are all of the old style. Here is one from a bank. Let us see ; (*reads*)"Honorable Mr. Butterbee, Dear Sir." How do they know that I am honorable, anyhow? What does a Bank Director of to-day know about being honorable, that is what I would like to know, (*reads*) "The extraordinary financial genius, which you possess, has attracted our attention for a long while"—A long while, yes indeed. If I had brought a $50 bill to their counter a few days ago, they would have suspected me of having stolen it, "and at our election for directors yesterday, we have selected you as one of our number. Having heretofore conducted your business with us. Yes, that is true. I once took a five-dollar bill over there and asked whether it was counterfeit, that is the whole of the business I ever did there, "we trust, that in future, our relations may become still more friendly." Well, I wish they had shown their friendship a little earlier, when I needed it. "As you are, no doubt, aware, it will be necessary for you in order to act as Director, to own some stock in the bank and we have therefore set aside 100 shares, and hope that you will step over to our office to receive your certificate and draw your check for the amount." Of course, I thought so, they want money. Gentlemen, I am afraid you have discovered my financial genius too late, or I have discovered yours too soon. I hardly think I will draw that check.

Now, what is this? A letter to contribute to the expense of a hall, to hear a lecture on female suffrage. Heavens, what do we men have to suffer from females already, and now it is intended to legalize even the female suffrage, a new disease. But what can we do, I suppose I will have to contribute. Here —(*it knocks.*) Come in.

Scene 11.

Shrewd. Charles.

S. Have I the honor to see before me the distinguished and honorable Mr. Charles Butterbee?

Chas. That is my name.

S. Then sir, let me first express my admiration for your world conquering genius.

Chas. Never mind. Save your breath in calling me such names. I am used to this, proceed with your business and stop with Financial Sun, Star of the West and the like nonsense.

S. Sir, your modesty is equal to your merit.

Chas. That may all be, but I want to know what you want.

S. (*In a whisper, confidentially,*) What do you think of Erie, what of North Western?

Chas. Really I think nothing.

S. Nothing, good, very good. I see.

Chas. Well, what do you see? I see nothing.

S. You see nothing, good, very good, good indeed, ha, ha, really you see nothing, but you shall see. But what do you suppose the bears will do with the bulls at the next battle about Northern.

Chas. Why if it comes to a battle and if the bears will get a good hold of the bulls and the bulls do not know how to defend themselves, I should judge the bears will rather squeeze the bulls.

S. Squeeze them, good, very good, and what would you rather be, a bull or a bear?

Chas. I? I would rather be a financier, I like it better than to be either.

S. A financier, good, very good, really excellent. I see, I see.

Chas. Now, my good friend, tell me what do you see and where do you see it, I really see nothing,

S. Good again, but one more question. Would you rather squeeze or be squeezed?

Chas.. My friend, if it came to that, I am rather good at squeezing, and I like it too, and I will immediately prove it to you, unless you will at last inform me of your business.

S. But my dear sir, did you not understand me? I am a Wall Street speculator, and desire to form an alliance with you and be informed of the plan of your next operation in Wall Street stocks. Of course I will make it your interest to give me a point.

Chas. Oh, now I see, or rather I do not see, I mean about the interest.

S. That is very good again. But as I got the desired information and will act accordingly. You may draw on me for your kindness. I have no doubt, that acting on your advice, I will realize tenfold on the investment, for I consider you as the shrewdest man of all shrewd men. I will hurry to make the necessary investment. My dear Mr. Butterbee. good-bye.

Chas. Well now, it appears that I have given this man some good advice without knowing anything about it. But I would really like to know myself what it was. O, heavens what a smart man a rich man is, without trouble and without the slightest suspicion of it.

(*Enter servant,*) Two ladies desire to see you.

Chas. You may show them in. Ladies? That is something new.

SCENE. III.

MARY. CLARA. CHARLES.

Mary. Mr Butterbee, let me introduce you to Mrs. Clara Raftus, who with me, has called on you for some assistance.

Chas. (*Aside*) She calls me Mr Butterbee. Now wait, I will have my revenge.) Mrs. Raftus, I am happy to meet you. Would you be seated? I feel highly flattered by your visit and if I can serve such beautiful ladies—

Mary. Mrs. Raftus and I have constituted ourselves as a committee, to request your assistance to relieve an unfortunate family of your acquaintance, from the effects of a great misfortune, which has just befallen them.

Chas. A family of my acquaintance? Who can that be?

Mary. Mrs. Lamb, you surely know her.

Chas. Lamb? Lamb? I really do not recollect. Does she belong to the Bulls or Bears?

Mary. What do you mean? You certainly know Mrs. Lamb, the widowed mother of Jim, the butcher boy, who used to bring the meat to us, and whom you so frequently saw at our house, when you called there.

Mrs. Raftus. I have certainly seen you speak frequently to her and him.

Chas. Really, I do not think I remember, and it is rather a strange presumption to ask a rich man to remember acquaintance of poorer days. My mind is taken up entirely with other and more important matters. The great speculations, the continual watching of stocks, the Northern, the Southern, the Bulls, the Bears, the longs, the shorts and all the other cattle have nearly destroyed my memory.

Mary. Well, if you do not wish to recollect him it makes no difference. You may contribute something, notwithstanding your failure of memory. We know Jimmie, he is only fifteen years old and the only support of his widowed mother and four other small brothers and sisters.

Yesterday, he was gored by a wild bull and is lying very sick at home. His mother has nothing and the children are in want, and so we came to you for assistance.

Chas. My dear ladies, I feel highly flattered by your confidence and your coming here, but if I had to look out for all Jims or butcher boys, I would have to neglect much more important matters in Wall Street.

But as you seem to take such a deep interest in him, I can not, on account of your beautiful eyes, refuse to give something. Here, take this five-dollar bill, and if I could have the assurance that those rosy lips of yours would not deny a kiss, I certainly would make it ten-fold as much.

(*makes a gesture, as if he wanted to kiss her.*)

Mary. Away, sir! Take your filthy money and hug it to your heart.

Come, Mrs. Raftus, away from such a man, whose money has caused him to lose not only his memory, but every sentiment of honour.

Chas. (*Catches hold of her hand as she is going,*) Mary, my own dear Mary. You really take my dissembling for reality, you really could o misunderstand me? But why did you call me Mr. Butterbee? Oh, how nasty that name sounds in my ears when spoken by your lips, that had accustomed me to being called only Charles, or Dear Charlie. And I thought I would have my revenge for not calling me as usual, and for your strange behavior in coming to me as if you were some strange lady and not my own dear little Mary and soon to be my wife.

And so poor Jimmie was gored by a bull. Oh, those bears and bulls, there are no nastier creatures any where, nor more blood-thirsty, I assure you.

Now, John, my hat, quick.

No, Mary, I will not send any money. I am certain, poor Jimmie will be glad to see me, I will go myself, and if the

ladies have no objections, I will accompany them there, and I will see that he is properly attended to. Do not trouble yourselves further about him.

And now, my dear Mrs. Raftus, let me explain, for my conduct must appear strange to you. This is my dear Mary, my bride, and this house I had fixed up and intended to surprise her with it and that is the only reason I did not call on her for several days. I was here all the time hurrying up the workmen. But now everything is done and if Mary is willing we will get married right away.

And now, Mary dear, shall I have a kiss?

(*Kisses her.*)

And now, off to poor Jimmie.

(*Takes hold of her and walks off hurridly.*)

Scene, iv.

Henry enters, afterwards Sharp.

Hen. Charles is not here. It is strange that he is out already, when he knows I generally come about this time,—(*Servant bring card and hands it to Henry*) Mr. Sharp desires to see Mr. Henry Randle for a few minutes.

What can this mean? (*to the servant*) Let him enter.

Shp. Mr. Randle, I come to see you on a small matter of business.

Hen. With me, sir? business?

Shp. Nothing else, and as I was informed that you could generally be found here at your friend's house, I took the liberty of calling here. My business relates to a simple exchange of papers.

Hen. Exchange of papers? I do not comprehend you.

Shp. I think you will soon understand. You reccollect that unfortunate day, at least unfortunate for me, on which all my calculations failed or were defeated by your superior skill?

Hen. Proceed, sir.

Shp. On that day, I lost not only a very large amount of money, but in addition, my obligations and financial notes had to be issued to cover my losses, and they are held by you, if I am not mistaken.

Hen. You are correct, proceed.

Shp. And I hold other papers, in which you have an interest, and these, I wish to mutually exchange.

Hen. You hold papers of mine? Impossible, I have no papers out.

Shp Not papers of yours, exactly, and I did not say so, nor are they papers which are generally considered as negotiable or commercial, and yet which are of great interest to you, I have no doubt; and papers which you may deem valuable.

Hen. I still am not able to comprehend you. Please explain.

Shp. I will. Two years ago, after Miss Anna Prideall left the academy where she was educated, I had the good fortune to become acquainted with her. Our relations, in the course of time, grew friendly, I may say, very friendly. I admired her, and had it not been for that unfortunate day, so disastrous to her father and myself, our relations would probably have become still more intimate. In short, I expected to become her husband.

Hen. Enough of that, and come to your business.

Shp I am coming to it rapidly. You may imagine that during these two years, we sometimes, and latterly, frequently exchanged letters, notes, invitations, etc., and I hold these papers still.

Hen. And these papers?

Shp. And these papers and letters of Miss Anna Prideall I offer to exchange for those of mine which you hold.

Hen. Then I understand you, that those letters of that lady, written to you in confidence as a friend, or perhaps, as your affianced, you offer to sell.

Shp. Not of my friend, or affianced. Our relations have ceased.

Hen. Ceased, and why?

Shp. Why? it certainly cannot be expected that now everything being changed, I alone should remain constant and the same.

Hen. But who and what has changed?

Shp. Why, sir, you certainly are aware of the radical change in her father's fortune, that he is now only attempting to save appearances, for the purpose probably of endeavoring in that way to obtain some further credit, or to catch a rich son-in-law, and in that manner to come to the surface again. But he is hopelessly gone and it is a question only of time, when the bubble will burst.

Hen. Then the change in her father's fortune has made the change in you?

Shp. Of course, what else could be expected? If I bargain for a diamond ring, I will certainly not take a ring without a diamond. That would certainly be very unbusiness like.

Hen. And you consider the wealth of her father, which would go to her, as the diamond and her as the ring?

Shp. I certainly do consider wealth as the principal thing I am young, I am ambitious. Notwithstanding my temporary reverse, my prospects are bright, and I certainly will not sacrifice them and myself for a mere sentiment.

Shp. And so you come here now, to realize on those papers, which her confidence in your honor, entrusted to you?

Shp. My dear ir, business is business, and there is no honour in business, at least, not in that of Wall Street. Every thing has its value, at the proper time.

Hen. But of what value can these papers be? And why do you apply to me to consummate this strange transaction?

Shp. Let me answer by citing to you what a lawyer once said to me, in reference to a law, the meaning of which appeared plain and simple. "There is nothing," he says, "in

the letter or spirit of the law, but everything depends upon the construction." And you will remember the saying of a great politician : 'Give me three lines written by my enemy, however innocent they may appear, and I will twist a rope out of them with which I will hang him, or that of the other ; "Oh, that my enemy had written me a letter!"

In my hands, these letters may be dangerous instruments, if explained and commented upon by me, and woman's reputation is but a tender flower, and as you were once her affianced, and perhaps still love—

Hen. Silence, sir, not another word! I will make the exchange of papers which you propose, but mark you, sir, I want every line which you ever received from her.

Shp. Of course, they are all here.

Hen. And you shall have every one of your papers.

Here they are.

Shp. And here all of mine.

Hen. And now, sir, permit me to say that you are an infamous scoundrel, and I would feel myself dishonoured, were the heel of my boot to touch you.

Sdp. Well, these are your peculiar business views. Mine are different. With us financiers, everything has a cash value.

Hen. With one exception, and that is that neither you nor your brother financiers, like you, have any value, neither cash moral or otherwise. Out of here, and never let me meet you again.

(*Sdp. goes off.*)

Hen. (*alone,*) And this is the man, nay, the individual, for whom you forsook me. Oh, Anna, what a good fortune it was for you, that bad fortune befel your father, so that you were saved from those clutches! Oh, if I could only bring you to recognize how false your position, and how ill you are adapted to your present associates!

(*Boy brings note.*)

A note from Mr. Prideall? What can it be? An invitation to a party to be given at his house. Oh, I perceive! The ties which were sundered are to be woven again. The poor Henry Randle was ignominiously shown the door, the rich one is recalled. But I will go. The hour looked for has arrived. My time has come. May fortune assist me in wiping away the cobwebs which flattery and adulation have woven around her pure heart and noble nature, so that I may once more see her as my own, true, beloved Anna.

(*Curtain falls.*)

ACT IV.

Scene I.

Parlour at Prideall's House.

Mr. Prideall and Anna.

Prideall. Well, everything is prepared, and nearly all guests have already appeared except Mr. Randle and his friend. I hope he will not fail us.

Anna. And yet, I fear it. He was too much offended.

P. Then everything would have been done in vain, for on his account solely have I arranged this entertainment.

Anna. On his account alone?

P. Yes, for him solely. Anna, you seem to be one of the very few who does not know what all our acquaintances and friends either know or strongly suspect. It is time that *you* especially be informed of the true state of affairs, so that you may act accordingly.

You may think that it is simply a good-natured compliance on my part with your wishes, that I have arranged this festival and caused Mr. Randle to be invited and have specially requested him to come. Know now, that this is not so and that this action of mine sprung from the motive, of making the last attempt of being saved from the ruin which now threatens me.

Anna. Ruin!

P. Yes, ruin. Know that the misfortune in my speculations of late, has taken all what I possessed from me, that it leaves me largely in debt, that all my resources are exhausted and that all my friends have been resorted to, that all this splendour with which you see us surrounded this evening is borrowed, and that unless assistance is procured to-night, that to-morrow it will give way to the most abject poverty.

Anna. Father, what do you say? Is there no avenue of escape, no prospect, no help? Have you seen Mr. Sharp?

P. Mr. Sharp, he is a man of businese, he is ruined himself and if he were not, his rules of business require that he should not associate with bankrupts. It would damage his standing and affect his credit.

Anna. Impossible, our best friend!

P. Friendship among speculators, among Wall Street business men, what does it amount to? It is nothing but self-interest.

He knows my financial condition, and therefore he has of late both shunned you and me. He has kept aloof from this house, and even this evening, he is absent, although invited, and he does not even observe the usual courtesy of sending an excuse. He admired you, it is true, but when my money took wings, his affection for you followed, and even in the days of my prosperity, he was bargaining and trading for the amount of your dowry.

Anna. Oh, I suspected it! And is there no help whatever?

P. I have only one hope, and that rests upon you.

Anna. Upon me?

P Upon you. Mr. Randle is an old admirer of yours. True, he was rejected by you and treated contemptuously, but his love for you is strong and has not been wholly eradicated, but must have survived. I have arranged this party this evening, in order to have him come here, so as to give him an opportunity to again meet you, and to revive old recollections and if possible to revive his love and affection. He alone can help, Since the day of his wonderful success, in which he outgeneraled the shrewdest speculators, his name is gilt-edged. If he will assist me, or endorse for me, I can reverse the current of adversity, and once more recover myself. And you must help me.

Anna. I should help! And how can I?

P. Treat him friendly, make him forget your last behavior towards him. Use all of those female arts which all women instinctively know so well, coquette with him, let him again fall in love with you, appeal to him, if everything else fails, but never forget, that without his assistance we are lost and disgraced.

Anna. O, father, what do you ask of your daughter!

P. Nothing, but what alone will save us.

And Heaven be praised, here he comes.

Scene 11.

The Last and Henry and Charles.

P. Oh. Mr. Randle, I am happy to meet you.

Hen. Mr. Prideall, Miss Prideall, (*bowing*)

Permit me to introduce to you my friend, Charles Butterbee.

Chas. I am happy to make the acquaintance of the friends of my friend.

Anna. And I welcome you to this house. The friends of Mr. Randle are especially welcome.

P. And I hope that this evening will be but the beginning of a long and better acquaintance and friendship.

But now, the duties of landlord call me and I must leave you. My daughter, as Mr. Randle and you are old friends, I will leave him in your care. (*They bow and walk off together.*) Mr. Butterbee, I will also provide you with a charming cicerone. I see Miss Helen Scruggs approaching. Fortune favours you, Mr. Butterbee, I will place you in her care. (*To Miss Helen*) Miss Helen, allow me to introduce to your kind attention, my friend, Mr Charles Butterbee, and I beg, as a favour, that you will endeavor to make this evening pleasant for him, as it is the first time he honours us with his presence. Mr. Butterbee, Miss Helen (*introducing them.*)

(*Prideall goes off.*)

Chas. Mr. Prideall is very kind to me, to leave me in your charge, but very unkind to put such a burden upon you.

Helen. I hope, that upon better acquaintance, this charge will become a pleasure to both. This is the first time I see you in one of our circles.

Chas. It is the first time that I have attended any party here.

Helen. And how do you enjoy it?

Chas. Judging from the society one meets here, (*bowing to her*) I am delighted.

Helen. Very complimentary, indeed. I am obliged. But why did I not have the pleasure of meeting you here before?

Chas. Circumstances, over which I had no control, have prevented it. The fact is, Miss Scruggs, I was never invited before, and that was probably owing to the slight circumstance, that until recently, I was not in a position to be invited, for I am informed that this distinguished society is composed only of those who enjoy the distinction of belonging to the aristocracy or moneyed part of this universe.

Helen. Indeed, this circle is very exclusive and select. We are very particular in seeing that no one is admitted, but whose wealth and position entitles him to this distinction. We take pride in having the most expensive toilettes and the most recherche of everything.

Chas. Oh, I am satisfied of it. I have frequently read descriptions of these parties, in the newspapers, and my heart yearned to be able once to see those beautiful costumes which I saw so fully described in the papers. Indeed, my expectations are surpassed. The splendour dazzles me and it is not to be wondered, that in the admiration for and description of those beautiful costumes, the parties who wear them are so frequently forgotten and over-looked. From the descriptions I read, I have always believed that these distinguished parties were made up of costumes and toilettes, but I am happy to perceive that there are still more charming objects here, and who are still more worthy of admiration.

(*bowing.*)

Helen. I am afraid you are sarcastic.

(*Promenading off.*)

Scene. III.

Henry and Anna. (*Promenading*)

Anna. And now, that we have met again, let me confess, that there is one recollection which troubles me.

Hen. Oh, do not speak of it.

Anna. But I must. I was surprised, on that evening, by your unexpected appearance. I was over-whelmed. I had no time to think. I acted unworthily of you and me. Can you forget and forgive?

Hen. To forget is not in my power, and to forgive? I have nothing to forgive. It was not your better nature, which spoke, it was not that Anna whom I have known so long and loved so well.

A. No, it was not. It was the conceited child of fortune. But that Anna, whom once you knew so well, still lives, and I hope, the old friends have again found each other and may continue to be such.

And let me confess, that when I perceived your form disappearing, a cold chill and a melancholy feeling came over me, such as will befall one when a dear friend takes his departure.

Hen. And yet, notwithstanding your melancholy, you felt sufficiently elated in spirits to relate to Mr Sharp the laughable story of the old country lover, who had come to remind you of your plighted faith and to ask you to return with him to his country village.

A. Then he has informed you?

Hen. He is innocent of that. He only spoke of it publicly at a wine-party, in the presence of your father and others, and both you and he were greatly applauded, he, for the able manner in relating the story and mimicking the awkward manner of the country cousin, and you, for the distinguished and high-toned air, with which you bowed that impudent countryman out of doors.

Anna.. Oh, Henry, forgive me, and no doubt, but Mr. Sharp has distorted and exaggerated. But believe me, that while on that evening, I could and did stifle the inmost voice which spoke so loudly in your favour, it has since made itself heard, and unconsciously my heart began to rebel, and it involuntarily compared you with all others, and it is but justice to say, that this comparison did not result to your disadvantage.

Henry, let me once more offer to you the only apology, which I am able to make, that of freely confessing my fault and to ask your forgiveness.

And now, Henry, that fortune has again favoured you and the road lies open before you, by which you can attain that position to which your education and talents entitle you, let me be your friend and your guide. Let your pride be gratified and your revenge be complete, by being called back by

the one who discarded you, and be led forth by the hand which repelled you. Let *me* introduce you to this society, to our circles, for it was I who excluded you, and believe me, that in this humiliation, I will feel more proud than ever.

Hen. No, Anna, excuse me. There is no affinity between this society and me.

Anna. No affinity? But, Henry, you certainly have ambition. This city is the field where it can be gratified. An introduction into these circles will give you the key to open all doors to success.

You, Henry, are like me. You also were not created to live in obscurity, to modestly pass your days in a small village, surrounded by well-meaning but plain neighbors. Your destined place is the arena where your talents may be appreciated, where your ambition may be gratified and where you may lead those whom it is an honour to lead. Your place is this city, it is this society! Come, let me guide you, let me introduce you to this brilliant assemblage, which will open a new world to you, and to which you will be an ornament and destined to occupy the front rank.

Hen. Oh, Anna, cease to tempt me, cease to thrust this glittering phantom of the grand world and of these select circles before me.

I know how cold it is and how hollow. It is a shadow without substance, it is an ignis fatuus which deceives you with its light and leads you astray from true and real happiness. It holds forth promises which it never fulfils, it shows you a land which you are never destined to enter.

Oh, Anna, look at it and ask your own heart: What happiness does it, what happiness can it give you, which will compare with that which pervaded our hearts, when first we confessed our love. Think of that unalloyed bliss, think of the days of our love, and of their true, deep, unclouded, se-

rene happiness, and then consider this mocking farce and hollow pretence, which attempts to pass this eternal jealousy and envy, this attempt to out-shine the other, as happiness and bliss,

No. Anna, I have nothing in common with this grand world.

But you have appealed to my ambition and you have spoken of yours. I confess that I was ambitious, and it was to come here and to find you as my love, unchanged and unaltered, in all the simplicity of innocent youth, and then to take you back to the spot where first we met, to return with you to the place where we exchanged our vows of unalterable love. I had hoped that you would abandon this glittering splendour, forsake these false hearts, spurn these sycophants and be mine, my own loivng Anna. I had thought that your heart was so large and your affection and love so great that you would not consider it a sacrifice to share my lot and to be my own, in wealth as in poverty.

It is with sadness that I find that I am mistaken, that you prefer the admiration of many and that you care nothing to be all to one. You have said that we have found each other. True, but only to separate once more.

Miss Prideall, let me speak candidly now.

Your views of life and mine are different. You are educated to value only splendour and riches. You place your happiness in the envy of others, you despise the modest and unassuming walks of life, I have learned, by hard experience, that all these are mere shadows, and I prefer a modest, unassuming home to all this luxury. A chasm separates us, over which there is no connecting bridge. Friendship requires a harmony of feelings and tastes, which we possess no more. Our views of life are different, our associates and friends could not be the same.

I would not move in these circles, for I despise them as hollow farces. You would be unhappy without them.

How could you be happy if you were deprived of your accustomed admiration and adulation? On these you staked your fate, and my friendship and love have been trodden down by you, in the mad desire to rule as a Belle, and to be the envied of all such creatures as here surround you, and whose admiration or envy is equally contemptible. And these you call your friends, for these you have forsaken a nobler and a better heart, for these you have sacrificed my love and my devotion.

Anna. Oh, you are cruel! Thus to upbraid me with the error of one hour.

Hen. It was not the error of one hour. It was your present true nature, which spoke to me on that occasion. Oh, that you would even now, yet, recognize the true feature of your surroundings and escape from the allurements of the syren-like song of these flatterers, who would desert you as soon as misfortune would be your lot.

Anna. True, but too true!

Hen. What is this circle of selected society but a meeting of merchants, ever ready to buy and sell and dealing in everything which may promise profit? What is friendship to them, but an article of merchandise, love but a promise of profit, honour but an empty name?

Anna. You go too far. Certainly the possession of wealth is not a crime, and the noblest qualities of human nature are often allied with the gift of fortune.

Hen. True, but when the love of money has become so strong that it is not only the object of a laudable ambition, but is the sole ambition and the goal and end of all aspirations, when the lust for money and riches is the over-shadowing passion which permits no other quality to exist.

Then it kills all noble sentiments and becomes a weed, which with its poisonous atmosphere which it generates destroys all flowers of the heart and all noble emotions of the soul. The fertile brain of the speculator sees money everywhere,

in each word which friendship has spoken, in each line, that has been written in confidence. The vile serpent infuses its poison of suspicion and of malicious construction into every writing or letter in order to give it a cash value and to yield profit. Nothing is sacred from the touch of these men, not even the purity of a virgin, which they will knowingly slander, in order to be able to transmute it into cash.

Anna. Oh, this certainly is not, cannot be! It is a picture of your imagination.

Hen. It can be, and it is. I select that man whom you selected, and who, most of all, enjoyed your friendship and confidence.

Anna. Mr. Sharp? And what with him?

Hen. I mean him. Here, take these letters. They are yours, addressed to him. I return them unread.

Anna. These, my letters in your hands! How is this possible?

Hen. Possible! Why, it is very natural. Mr. Sharp knew I had some papers of his, notes and so forth. He had these papers of yours. What was more natural but that he should propose an exchange? In his eyes, it was nothing more than an every day transaction, a shrewd business speculation, a mere exchange of marketable papers.

Anna. On, what infamy!

But here, take these letters and read them. I have nothing to conceal, nothing to be ashamed of, except that I once called such a creature my friend.

Hen. No, I will not touch them again and your assurance is unnecessary. I have never given room to any opinion, incompatible with respect. But I see your other friends are watching us. Our conversation is taking too much time, for the rules of polite society permit only a limited period to a mere acquaintance. Permit me therefore to ask of you the honour of leading you to the ball-room (*or a dance,*) after which, as the object of my visit has been accomplished, I will retire.

Scene iv.

Charles and Helen.

(*Promenading.*)

Chas. Oh, see my friend, Henry, with Miss Prideall. What a handsome couple! They seem admirably to be adapted to each other.

Helen. Well, I understood, they were once engaged, but that she in her haughtiness, dissolved the engagement on account of his poverty, but now she seems very anxious to captivate him once more. Do you notice how she is coquetting with him! But I hope he is too shrewd to be caught in her meshes again.

Chas. But why?

Helen. Why? do you not know what is an open secret, that her father is ruined and bankrupt?

Chas. But what difference does that make? If they love each other, why should her father's poverty be an obstacle?

H. Love each other. She has no love for him, she loves his money and that is all she is after. Oh, I hope that she will not succeed, because I would hate to see him, who seems to be such a fine gentleman, captivated by that haughty coquette. I never speak ill of my friends, but truth is truth, and if you knew what a haughty, self-conceited coquetish creature she is, you would warn your friend of her wiles and ways, as I think it your duty to do, as his friend. Oh, all of her friends would enjoy her humiliation and fall.

Chas. Out of friendship, I suppose.

(*walking off.*)

Scene v.

Henry,—then Anna.

Anna. And so you will really leave already. And in this manner, without a full explanation, and without the consoling assurance that our friendship is again revived, firmer than before?

Hen. I have nothing further to add to what I have said.

A. Oh, you are right, your reason tells you are right and you listen to nothimg else. You have no heart, you have no feeling which tells you that you should forgive even if wrong was done. Pardon me, Henry, I know I deserve your cold and distant treatment, I know I have forfeited all claim to your consideration, but I also know that you have loved me once, that I was all to you and that you would have given all, all that you possessed, yea, even your life's blood; to protect and to save me. And although I have forfeited all this, by the imprudent, nay, base action of mine, if I am not worthy of your consideration, let me adjure you by the love you once bore me, by the many happy reminiscences of our youth, by the many blissful moments we have seen, do not forsake me now. Do not let that being, whom you had given your heart, be sacrificed to the sneers and jeers of a cold, unpitying world.

Know then what I have learned this evening. My father is ruined, is a bankrupt. All this splendour is false, is borrowed. To-morrow, he will be driven from his home, and I, I with him, with no place to go to, with no heart to pity me, with no home to receive me. All these, whom I considered friends, have forsaken me. I have not one, not one, who can or will assist me. Henry, you have loved me, and you know how I have loved you. Can you see this gulf open before me, and not reach out a helping hand, when it is within your

power to do so? You are our only hope. Will you not assist my father for my sake, if not for his? Or will you stand quietly by and see me delivered over to misery and poverty?

Hen. Poverty is not misery. I also have been suddenly deprived of all I had, and yet I bore it.

A. Oh, Henry, you are a man, you may bear it, I cannot. Already, this evening, did I see the secret whispering, the sarcastic smiles, the mocking civility, of every one here. They suspect, they know my misfortune, my humiliation, and with impatience do they expect the coming morning, in order to glory in the fall of their rival, and to see her dragged from her proud position and expelled into the darkness of poverty. Oh, Henry, can you, will you, permit your once dear Anna to undergo this ordeal? Can you, will you refuse to hold out your helping hand?

Hen. O, Anna, do not speak, do not appeal to me. What is it that you are about to lose? The position of the first beauty and of the most enchanting and heartless coquette in the so-called first circles of society! The consciousness that you are the envied of a number of giddy creatures and the admired of many empty-headed, profligate young men. What is it you fear? It is the sarcastic smile, the pungent remark, the mocking sympathy of persons, of such persons that surround you, and who you confess are unworthy of a moments thought. Oh, if you were the Anna whom I knew in my youth, and who is still the idol of my heart and my only love, you would spurn these creatures, and in your fall and poverty would feel yourselves immeasurably superior to all.

A. Oh, but I am not strong. I am not able to bear it.

Hen. Not able? What are your imagined sufferings compared to those which I had to bear?

When I underwent the same change of fortune, when friends deserted me, when I was driven from my home, I remained firm and was ever happy in the knowledge, that I possessed the heart and the love of the only being whom I

ever did and ever shall love. And when I, forsaken by the world, and with a full heart, sought refuge with her, who was my betrothed and who had sworn true and unalterable love to me, I was spurned, repulsed and expelled from this very room and from her society, because I was empty in purse.

What had it been to me, what cared I for the world, or what it spoke, or whether it pointed its finger at me, as long as I believed I had your love. You deserted me and now I am a changed man,

A Oh, can you never forget that unhappy episode of my life?

Hen. Never, for it broke the idol of my heart into fragments and changed my heart's warm blood into ice.

A. Oh. Henry, if repentance cannot prevail, if the recollection of other and happier days appeal in vain, then let me beg to you, beg as a stranger, whom you knew in better days. Oh, do not forsake me. See how my pride is lowered. Do not let me be disgraced. Oh, let me, on my knees—

Hen. Oh, Anna, what are you doing? Rise, oh, rise! Oh what shall I do? You beg for help, you appeal to me, but not because I love you, but because you love money and splendor more! You spurned me when I had none, you kneel before me when I have. My love, my heart is nothing, my purse is all. No, Anna, I cannot yield. If I do, it will be the death-blow to my love. You will, continue to be as you are now, a coquette without heart, a woman without true love. No, I must refuse, even if my heart should break.

A. O, Henry, do you feel no love for me? Can you, will you refuse?

Hen. I must refuse, because I love you and I wish to save you.

(*exit.*)

(*Curtain falls.*)

ACT V.

Scene 1.

CHARLES, (*alone,*)

Chas. Well, now I am married three months already and still I am the happiest of men. Oh, if I only had known the difference between married and unmarried life, I would not have stayed single for a moment longer than the want of opportunity would have compelled me to. If I were a law-maker, I would make it a law for every young man to get married right away. If I were a physician, a professor, a teacher or a preacher, I would advise, teach and preach: "Young man, go West or not, just as you please, but get married, to a pretty girl if you can, *but* get married."

But, perhaps I am wrong. In fact, I think I am, because I do not believe, that there are many more such good women, in this world, as my own dear Mary. She is the best of all. There is no doubt about it. And I am the luckiest man in this world, because I had the good fortune to find her, to get her and to wed her. People say, I am still in the honey-moon, that I am enthusiastic, that this will all pass by. I do not believe one word of it. I am not enthusiastic, I am the most cold-blooded, deliberate individual about marriage in existence and I will prove it. I have watched close, and I have discovered a fault in Mary. Now, young wives will hardly believe this, because they are all faultless; young husbands will find it preposterous, because they cannot find any fault in their young mates. But nevertheless, it is so, she has a grievous fault and I will tell her so too, and I will cure her of it, too. I will. Now, people say, that there is nothing harder in this world than to inform a woman that she is not faultless, except one thing, and that is to make her believe it, or

to cure her. But I will do it, I have the necessary boldness, I will show my authority, I am her husband and she must obey me. The fact is, and that is what I complain of, that she does not respect me sufficiently, she is too familiar, too intimate with me, she does not recognize me as her lord. She comes to me and says: "Charles, or Charley dear, I am going out to see some friends; Charles, I expect some company to-day. Dear, I have bought myself a new bonnet, a real duck of a bonnet, how do you like it?" Now that is all wrong and ought not to be in a well-regulated family. She should know and always remember, that I am the head and she should always ask me for permission. She should have no will but my own. And I will see to it, that this is done in future. Ah, here she comes.

Scene, II.

Charles and Mary.

Mary. Oh, Charles, dear, here I find you. I was just looking for you, to say that I am going out now, to visit my dress-maker to see about a new dress for the party.

Chas. Really?

Mary. So good-bye, Charley dear, but what is the matter, you look so cold, so dignified, so solemn?

Chas. Now, Mary, let me say a few words before you go. Let us have a little serious talk about a matter of vast importance to both you and me.

Mary. Not now, not now, I have other matters.

Chas. Yes, just now. There can be nothing more important. Come here, sit down and let me say a few words to you in all kindness.

Mary. Why, what is the matter, Charles, you look so serious, so solemn?

Chas. Because it is a solemn matter. You know that we are married.

Mary. For Heaven's sake, Charley, what is coming?

Chas. Married and happy, I hope, and I also hope that we may continue to be so, but—

Mary. In all goodness Heavens, what do you mean?

Chas. Now I am your husband and you are my wife. Is that not so?

Mary. That is correct, but—

Chas. A wife should always respect her husband and should obey him in all proper things. And see, my dear Mary, that is what I am complaining of.

Mary. Complaining of what?

Chas. That you do not respect me sufficiently.

Mary. But how, tell me?

Chas. The fact is, you never ask me for permission to do anything, but you do it without asking. You say, you will go out and you go, that you will stay at home and you stay. Now, as everything must have a head, and as the law and custom everywhere recognizes the husband as the head, who regulates and controls everything, you ought not to do everything as you like, but to ask me, whether I will permit it. Really, my dear Mary, my good nature and my great love for you has made you too independent, too familiar; you forgot a little the respect which is due to me, as your husband. Not that I should blame you, oh no! it is all my fault. I know, that my little, sweet and smart Mary will, on reflection, see that I am right.

Mary. Really, Charles, you surprise me, and when I think of it, I believe you are right. I did occasionally forget that you were my lord and master, and only always remembered that you were my dear husband. But I promise to you that I will not forget it again.

Chas. Really, I knew it. I knew I had the best little woman in this wide world.

Mary. And so, Charles dear, if you will allow me to address you by that name, or else I will say Mr. Charles Butterbee.

Chas, No, no, Charles dear, is the proper expression.

Mary. Well then, Charles dear, will you please permit me to go to my dress-maker?

Chas. Mary, you are charming. Certainly, dear, certainly, and I will never find the heart to refuse you in anything. Go to you dress-maker, get the finest dress you can find and a bonnet in addition.

Mary. Then good-bye, Charles. I am much obliged for your kindness.

Chas. Wait, wait one minute, you have forgotten something.

Mary Forgotten what?

Chas. Why, whenever you used to go out, you came first to give me a sweet parting kiss.

Mary. O, that is so, but now, I really would not dare to!

Chas. Not dare to! Why, what do you mean?

Mary. I think I would be too free, too intimate, too familiar, to kiss my lord and master without first having obtained his permission, but if you will command or order me, of course, I will obey you and do as you say.

Chas. Order you, command you to kiss me! No, indeed, I want a kiss of your own free will.

Mary. But I have too great a respect for my lord, whom I married and to whom I owe obedience in all things, to undertake this without permission or command. There must be a head to everything, there must be a person to command and one to obey; the law gives you the right to command, and I must obey. There must not be too great a familiarity or intimacy, it destroys the respect due to you. I might be willing to kiss my husband, my dear Charlie, but my lord and master! Never!

Chas. Stop, I did not mean it that way, I retract everything, I do not want to be your lord and master, I only want to be your loving husband and you to be my own, dear, little Mary.

Mary. My dear Charles, here, take this kiss, I only mean to be your own, little, obedient, loving wife.

Scene. III.

The Last and Henry.

Hen. Well, well, here I find you and it seems at the beginning of another honey-moon.

Chas. Oh, no, far from it. We just had our first quarrel. Did we not, Mary?

Mary. Yes indeed, but we made peace again.

Hen. And who was to blame?

Chas. Oh, I of course, it is always so, in a quarrel between man and wife. She always somehow comes out right and the husband is always wrong.

But I tell you, judging from the quarrel I just now had, I confess I never did realize what a nice and agreeable thing such a quarrel is. Why, it is like a summer shower purifying the atmosphere, refreshing the ground and causing the flowers to bloom again as sweet and fragrant. Why, I actually like a quarrel with my wife. I begin to feel as if I was going to be the most quarrelsome fellow imaginable, just for the purpose of having a good, sweet reconciliation.

Mary Take care, my dear, never overdo a good thing.

But really, I must go now, of course with my husband's permission. And perhaps, Mr. Randle, I may have news for you. I will return soon.

(*Mary goes off.*)

Scene iv.

Henry and Charles.

Hen. News for me? What can she mean?

Chas. Oh, nothing, I suppose, although she thinks, she will be able yet to discover Anna.

Oh, Henry, I am the happiest of all mortals, and Mary is the very best of wives. And the only grief I have is to see you still unhappy and unmarried.

Have you heard anything yet of Anna?

Hen. Nothing, she seems lost, or conceals herself. In vain are all my endeavors to find her.

Chas. I am afraid you were too cruel to her when you refused her prayer for help.

Hen. I was cruel, but more cruel to myself than to her.

Chas. I think you went too far.

Hen. I went too far? Oh, Charles, if you had known that noble girl when first I met her, if you had known the purity of her soul and the noble traits of her heart, and then afterwards found her changed into a cold, soulless, heartless, calculating coquette, infected with the miasma of frivolity and levity of the girl of fashion of to-day, then you would appreciate, with what feelings of sorrow, and at the same time of a firm resolve to save her, I looked upon her. I know I must have appeared as cold and cruel then, glorying in *her* fall, and in *my* power to revenge myself upon her, the helpless creature, but Charles, let me assure you, that I never loved her more in my life than at that moment, and that it was for her and her sake alone, that I appeared cold and unmoveable. Had I not done it, she would have continued to be the same giddy, heartless creature, which she had become by inhaling the corrupting atmosphere, which surrounds her.

I felt, that to save her and to restore her to herself, and to let her pure, good nature expel the demon of pride and coquetry, required the severest ordeal and sacrifice, and I brought it with a torn, bleeding heart.

I risked my happiness, in doing what I did, for I risked my love. But my hope in her is sufficiently strong to believe, that, when she will deliberate and consider my actions at that time, her own, true conscience will tell her, that I could not have acted otherwise.

Oh, it is the fault of men, to yield too much to women, it is the foundation of too much unhappines to treat the confiding girl as angel before, and a human being with human faults and weaknesses, after marriage; to foster in her the belief that she is a paragon of virtue and of all noble qualities, and to undertake afterwards to deprive her of this belief, which you yourselves have created.

A wife, whom the flight of her husband's fortune will render unhappy, proves that she values such fortune higher than her husband or his love, and the girl, who dreads the loss of her position in society and for that reason will forsake her love, is not worthy of a single thought being bestowed upon her.

A man is a man, and he must never yield his convictions and his manhood, not even to his love.

Chas. True, Henry, and you may be right. But I am not prepared to say how I would have acted in the like circumstances.

But let us not further discuss this matter now. I have to go out for a little while. Come with me and let me have your company.

(*Exeunt.*)

Scene v.

Mary, (*comes in quick.*)

Mary. They are gone, I am glad of it. I am certain I have found Anna, working in a small dress-maker's establishment. I have ordered the lady to send me my dress here by her. She must be here, every minute. I ran ahead, in order to put Henry and Charles out of the way, so that they should not meet her, before I have discovered her feelings towards Henry. If she loves him and is worthy of his love, then no more delay, the wedding may be to-day; if she is unworthy then he shall not know that I found her or recognized her.

But how will I discover it? Ah, I have it, his picture, I will remove it from the wall and place it here. I will see how she will act.

I hear her, quick, to the next room.

(*exit.*)

Scene vi.

Anna, (*plainly dressed.*)

Anna. I am shown to this room and yet I find no one here. (*Looks at a card.*) Mrs. Charles Butterbee. This was the name of Henry's friend. Perhaps it is his wife to whom I am now sent by my employer to fit her dress. And yet there are more names like this. It is improbable, very improbable, that accident would bring me into her house, and I would dread to meet her, although I have never seen her and do not know her. How fine everything is here, and yet no comparison to the luxury I possessed in days gone by. But I envy it not. I have no longing for this, I have been taught its

vanity too well. But what is this, his picture? taken down from the wall and placed in this corner? What does it mean? But it is true, then, that I must be in his friend's house. If anyone would recognize me! Never! away! I must find an excuse never to return.

(*as she is going, the door opens and enters Mary.*)

Scene vii.

Mary. Anna.

Mary. Excuse me if I have kept you waiting. You are the dress-maker?

Anna. Yes, madam, I am sent here by my employer to attend to your wishes.

Mary. Then please let us step into the other room. But what do I see? this picture still here, when I have given positive orders to remove it? Is this the way I am obeyed?

(*Rings the bell, Servant appears.*)

Take away this picture, take it out of its frame and return the frame. Why was it not done before, as I ordered? (*Servant attempts to speak.*) Never mind your excuses, do it now. And if Mr. Randle should ever call again, inform that neither my husband nor I are at home for him.

Anna. This photograph bears a resemblance to one of my acquaintances, May I ask who it is?

Mary. It represents a former friend of my husband, but he is a friend no longer, as he has forfeited all claims to it. And so his picture wounds my eyes. I cannot bear the sight of him, and yet, his photograph remained here, reminding me of him, and, as I hate all disagreeable reminiscences, I had given orders to remove the same, and I will also have the orders enforced if he should again make his appearance here, which he sometimes does.

Anna. If this picture represents Mr. Randle, I have never heard, that he was guilty of any dishonorable act.

Mary. That may be so, but he is no longer a friend of this house, nor shall he be a visitor any more. There is too much of a gulf between his social standing and ours.

Anna. I had heard of him as being very wealthy, well-educated and of good family.

Mary. This was once so, but as he lost everything in wild speculations and now lives on the mercy of his former friends and appeals to them continually, I will not tolerate his presence any longer, and if you know him, as you seem to do, you may inform him of this resolution.

Anna. If I should meet him, I will certainly do so, but then, perhaps, I may ask for this picture of his, without the frame, as you seem to attach some value to that.

Mary. If it is only the picture, you may have it. But let us go in, I am impatient to see how my dress fits. But here is my husband. (*Charles enters.*) (*To Miss Prideall.*) Remain here for a minute, I will call you. I wish to say a few words to my husband. Charles, come.

(*Charles and Mary exeunt.*)

Scene viii.

Anna. (*Alone.*)

O, how my heart throbs, And Henry, also poor and despised by these, his former friends. Oh, I feel that my love to him did never die. O, and if he could but love me still, how happy we could be, in spite of our poverty.

But whom do I see? Henry!

Scene ix.

Hen. You Anna, here, is it really you?

Anna. Yes, Henry, it is I, and I know all. But what makes you turn your steps to this proud mansion and to these people, to whose eyes your photograph is an eyesore, which they will no longer bear, I know that misfortune has befallen you, that the riches, so rapidly acquired have flown away as quickly as they came, but I never thought, that you would ever lose your manhood and your self-respect and attempt to force your presence upon those, who are desirous of avoiding it, and stoop to ask favors of those, who hate and despise you and your presence.

Hen. Oh, Anna, I cannot understand you. To what you allude?

Anna. Forgive me, that I speak so warm to you and take this liberty. But, Henry, you were a friend of mine and you were more. You have loved me and you have saved me. The day when last we met and parted, and when you refused my prayer for help, when bankruptcy overtook my father and I was deprived of all that I had valued, that day, so sad to me then, restored me to myself, and my better nature, which was being lost in the frivolities, with which I was surrounded, returned, and I soon learned that true happiness does not dwell with luxury or splendour, but only in one's own heart as you expressed it then. I thank you now, for the firmness with which you resisted my entreaties; although then I believed that it was extreme cruelty, for it has restored to me contentment and happiness and it is with a strange feeling, as if I must have been bewildered, that I look back upon those days of my existence.

Hen. Oh, Anna, you do not know how happy you make me, by this avowal. Oh, if you had known what pangs I suffered, when I saw you reach forth your hands for help and when I, cruel and revengeful as I must have appeared to you,

refused your prayer. But my heart told me, it was the only way to save your love to me. And I, Anna, have loved you, loved you always, loved you in my youth and ever since up to this day.

When you spurned me from your presence, I felt that your heart would revolt against it. Oh, how I was mortified, and how I tried to tear my love to you from my bosom but I could not yield you. And if you knew how I suffered when I saw you apparently in the power of these heartless creatures whom you have since learned to know and despise. Oh, how I prayed for an opportunity to rid you of them, and to see once more the Anna, the love of my youth. And, Anna, it came, you implored me for help, asked me to let you remain with those who had robbed me of you and your love, and I refused, refused with a bleeding heart because I wished to save you and to make you mine. And now, that I have found you again, pure and as of old, when we two were sufficient to ourselves and needed no splendour or luxuries to complete our happiness, now let me ask you again: Forget the interval which separated us, let us be united once more in unchanging love, be mine.

Anna. Oh, Henry, I have always loved you, even when you least suspected it. But let us away from here. Oh, do not come here and lower yourselves to ask these people for favours or assistance. I have just seen the proud lady of this house tear off your picture from this wall, because its presence reminded her of you, of whom she does not wish to be reminded. Oh, if you need a friend, do not seek those here, they want you not. Then come to me. I have worked, and Henry, I will share with you whatever little I may have. Come, come away.

Hen. But what mean you?

Scene x.

Charles and Mary enter. Last.

Mary. Will the young lady come into my room now? I am not satisfied with the dress.

Anna. (*To Henry.*) I must see you. Wait for my return.

(*Mary and Anna exeunt.*)

Hen. I am bewildered. I find Anna here and then she talks so wild. What is it?

Chas. Let me explain. My wife discovered Anna working in a dress-maker's establishment. She ordered a dress and asked that Anna should bring it here, and in order to find out what her present feelings towards you were, she had your picture removed from the wall and represented you as impoverished and as haunting this place, where you were not wanted, and living on the alms which former friends might bestow. But Henry, Anna loves you yet.

Hen. I know. I met her here and not only does she love me, but she is again my own, with her pure heart and soul, that she was before she became contaminated with the poisonous atmosphere of her surroundings. But where is she now?

Chas. With my wife. Under the pretence, that she wishes to see how her dress will look, she has her to put it on and then she will bring her here to unite you once more, and she then desires her to appear on your arm in the society which is assembling here.

Scene xi.

Last. Mary. Anna.

(*Mary leading Anna.*)

Mary. Charles, I wish to ask you how you like this dress? But I see Mr. Randle is here. Permit me to introduce you.

Hen. No introduction now, except the one I will give. Mr. and Mrs. Butterbee, my bride, Anna, my friends.

Anna. Your friends? What does this mean?

Mary. Pardon me, Miss Prideall, the little strategy that I used to bring you two together. I saw Henry disconsolate, grieving for you and searching you in vain. By accident, I discovered you ,working and toiling. I asked your employer to send you here, and then I invented that story about his poverty and this photograph, in order to discover the true state of your feelings towards him, with the intention of re-uniting you, if possible, but fate has been in advance of me, and—

Hen. Fortunately I found her, and now we are united, never again to separate.

Mary. And now our party is about to begin, the music commences. (*Music plays a dance, behind the scene.*) Some of your friends and acquaintances of that time, when you were the brightest star in the galaxy of society, will be here.

Let Henry and you enter arm in arm and take your place, which your beauty entitles you to. Many of them will faint from envy.

Anna. No. no, never more. My ambition lies not in that direction. Let them amuse and enjoy themselves and intrigue and envy. I care nothing for the dazzling splendour of the world. At the side of Henry. And if he will love me and permit me to be his true and loving wife, I will find my joy and happiness and desire nothing more.

Hen. O, I knew it! Anna, we now understand each other, we are happy!

(*Curtain falls.*)

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